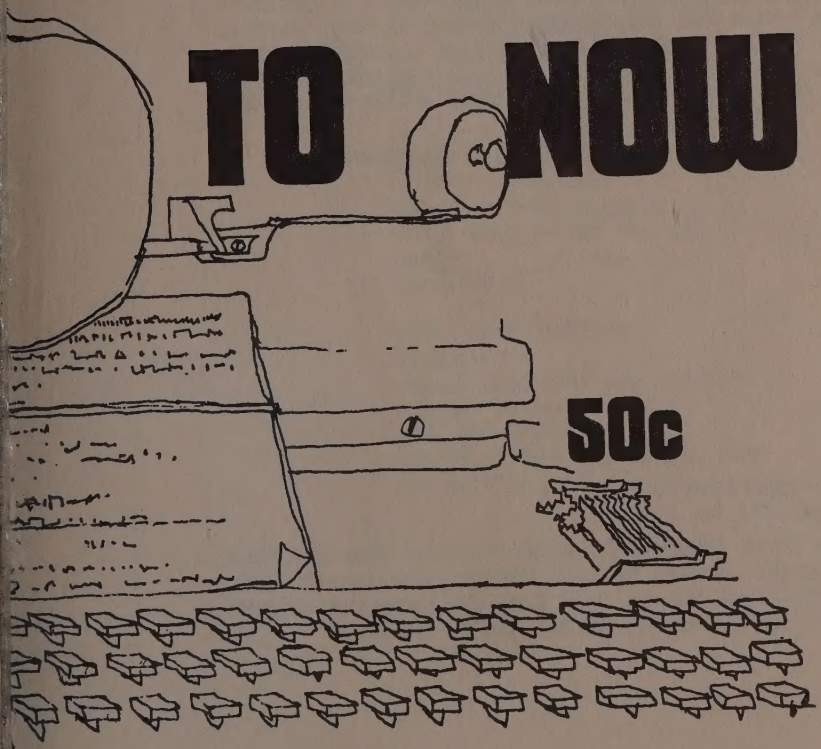
SUPPLEMENT TO NOW



50c

Things make us. We make them. An interaction, producing a nation, a state of being which some are aware of as it occurs, others later, some never. But all are part of the place. America, of course, as much as any other or more so, defined by hardness, pushed out of the milieu. Becoming in time those hardnesses, or at least, explained. A translation possible through them. So like it or not, this is it and these people to whom this supplement is dedicated form an ideogram of NOW. Not the slide peered at through a microscope that lacks completeness, giving you an exactness. Rather the look from a hill, to see—a boundry—within which, WE.

Gilbert Sorrentino

This Supplement to Now
is dedicated to

Franz Kline, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Stan Musial, Jimmy Cannon, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, Miles Davis, Frank Sinatra, John Garfield, Humphrey Bogart, Miss Candy Barr, and Dr. William Carlos Williams.

pitcher, how
exactly is
the feeling of the threads
what it is—that is,
the drama we know about,
the g(love)

or how is bush league bush
(man) made major, made
to bear in, to bear
down? in what sense is
to hit long before the ball
reaches
whoever?

where does giddiness
where is it
ceased—how can you say how
you can be said to be
cool, can throw it
exactly as how the ball is, how
you be sd to hurl?

(again) : the whirl
is very much exaggerated, the
crowd, the afternoon, and, even,
the exhilaration of the home
run, though the centerfield wall
—to point at it—is exactly
a like term, is also
as you pitch

that is, as of a day, a
double day, say, as this, when
there is a crowd, how would you say
how far back you are reaching from,
say, big train, from, the dirt, in what way
do you obey
the given, the
taken—how much grip
do your fingers have
on those threads, or,
for that matter,
the hide, eh?

Charles Olson

THE WIND

Whatever is to become of me
becomes daily as the acquaintance
with facts is made less the point,
and firm feelings are reencountered.

This morning I drank coffee and orange juice,
waiting for the biscuits which never came.
It is my own failing
because I cannot make them.

Praise God in women.
Give thanks to love in homes.
Without them all men
would starve to the bone.

Mother was helpful but essentially mistaken.
It is the second half of the 20th century.
I screamed that endlessly,
hearing it back distorted.

Who comes?
The light footsteps
down the hall
betoken

— in all her loveliness,
in all her grimness,
in all her asking and staying silent,
all mothers or potentials thereof.

There is no hymn yet written
that could
provoke beyond the laughter I feel
an occasion for this song.

But as love is long-winded,
the moving wind
describes its moving colors
of sound and flight.

THE INTERVIEW

Light eyes would have been more fortunate.
They have cares like store windows.
All the water was shut off,
and winter settled in the house.

The first week they wrote a letter.
He wrote it.
She thought about it.
Peace was in the house like a broken staircase.

I was neat about it she later wrote
to a relative in Spokane.
She spoke in accents low
as she told me.

Robert Creeley

LESSONS

i learned early
a ball has a beauty
of its own

in a poolroom

sighting down the length
of cue
for the exact point

i learned early
'he who hesitates

is lost'

the inside guide
is best
if you will trust

SOME CHANGES

your particular heart: my
winter ear
        will hear, you,

will, the broken
streak of
        luck denotes a change

in seasons, love,
or sweaters
        it makes no matter

your particular heart: insistent

Max Finstein

10 P.M.

For an hour now
sitting in this lamp glow
looking for a subject,
something perfect.

Blow it to hell and gone
or buy a farm
perhaps an insurance clerk?
Anything for a lark.

Blow it to hell and
gone or buy a
barn and find your sub-
ject; less than perfect;
all things are a lark
to a poetry clerk.

Formality in the lamp glow:
stitch the words and sew
them close but free as the winds blow
it to hell and go—.

Gilbert Sorrentino

FAT PHIL'S DAY

Hubert Selby

I used to get out of Sunday School about 10:30 or so and wake up some of the other guys and we'd wait on the corner for the crap game to start. We had one every Sunday no matter how cold or how lousy the weather was. And Fat Phil would be out by 8 with his shine box and get everyone goin ta church, from the 9 o'clock Mass to the 11:30. He'd stand on the corner and look poor and neglected and he'd make out like crazy. If anybody asked him how old he was he'd knock off 3 years and say 10 and tell them he had to help support the family. He had some line and the church-goers really ate it up. Anyway, after he finished shining shoes he'd come down to 3rd Avenue and get in the game. Usually me and Fritz would play until we only had a dime left and save that for the movies, but sometimes we'd win a few bucks. But this Sunday Phil got on a hot roll and was cleanin everybody. Danny, a halfassed hustler from 43rd Street usually came around and bet wrong, but he wasn't there today so the rest of us had to keep going against the greek. If Danny was there we could have jumped on Phil's hot roll, but he wasn't. Anyway, everytime Phil threw the dice he'd throw a natural or if he got a point he'd hit it anyway. After about 7 or 8 passes he was taking all kinds of bets and winning: gagging his point, the hard way, over and under 7, anything anybody wanted to lay and he won. We tried everything to get him off the roll, jonahing against, then with, gating the dice, but still he'd win. And every-time he threw another pass he'd roar and yell shootit, comeon ya bastards fade me. I'm hot. Comeon comeon, who's gonna fade me—halfabuck still open and somebody'd throw the money down, he'd roll the dice and hit another pass and roar and scoop up the money an we tried gatein the dice every other roll but he still won and everybody was goin broke and we started slappin im on the head and taking the polish from his shine box and he'd run after it and come back and throw the dice and hit another pass and roar that he was gonna take us all to the cleaners and Booby gaveim a shot in the arm and toleim if he didn't crap out he'd break his head and Phil still won but now he didn't laugh so loud and everytime he picked up the money we kicked im in the ass

or rapped im off the head, but he couldn't lose. He hit 4 for a point and Sal made im take an even money bet that he wouldn't do it the hard way and Phil almost cried but he put his money down and threw the dice and two twos came up and Sal toleim he'd break his shine box over his fat greek head if he didn't crap out and he said he'd pass the dice and Sal toleim he'd play until he crapped out or we'd killim and he picked up the dice and threw another natural and we were really punching him now and he almost cried but still scrambled after the money and we kicked his ass, ya fat sonofabitch. Comeon fellas, leave me alone—rap—comeon. Gimme my brush—rap—please—another pass—stopit guys. Comeon willya? And he covered his head waiting for us to fade him and he hit a point and when he picked up the dice we rapped him and kicked him and he stopped pleading with us and started pleading with the dice come 7, please a 7 and he threwem again and again and it finally came up 4-3 and he jumped up and said 7. There ya are, a 7 a 7—7! and he grabbed his shine box and ran like hell.

THE ROSE

for Cubby

is what we're looking for
and they want a goddam

bouquet. (Not knowing
that the rose

is an invention, does not
know, nor the beholder

what is coming next! What
twist or gentleness, what
tint.

A bouquet on the other hand

is a construction. Pile

pile it together, one lousy
posy more or less, what
the hell

Gilbert Sorrentino

SIX JARGONELLES FROM THE HERBALIST'S NOTEBOOK

1. Night Landscape in Nelson County

ah moon, shine

thou as amber, in thy
charred-keg hickory sky . . .

still as a still, steep
as a horse's face

2. Bud Bit

cotyledons
yearn a little, vernal
spittle

burns
placental
victuals

pepto-bismol,
dismal
pluto'd world?

3. Aubade

you could hear an ant
fart
it was that
quiet

4. The Secret Doctrine of Mandrake the Magician

chinks think 'sang's man's **glans penis**' panacea, a
sorta pseudo-eryngo wingdongdingeroo

with rue my heart is laden, with 'sang
my lay is heartened

5. Lycopersicum Esculentum

tomatl's Nahuatl
fo tomato

via Morocco: **pomo di Moro/**
pomme d'amour; ergo

love apple
's tomatl's trilingual
handle

6. A Grace for the Pine-Mouse's Feast

get your kicks
on Root 66

Jonathan Williams

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

It was a small town in the lower left hand pocket of Missouri and I was hung over there for what turned out to be a longer time than the short, viz: an hour layover for the next bus. Don't tell me, but I went to a movie instead of catching the next bus. It was one of those Midwestern evenings around seven o'clock, an hour before things start to get light blue. In June. When I should have been in New York. When I got inside the movie house the first show was just ending. I went in and sat down still wondering why the manager had been chewing on his hand and looking at me like that . . . why the flowery woman who took my money and slid me the pink ticket was plastered . . . why the boy in the gray suit gave me the popcorn like he did.

"Sho," he had said: "Why not?"

It takes my eyes a little while to get used to darkness and main features and as I sat down getting acquainted I began on the popcorn. A little while later the hair on my neck was moving around as if there was a chasm behind me. I turned in my seat, looked behind. Nobody there. Nobody behind me at all. Nobody was there. Back, front, either side.

There was nobody anywhere. The theatre was empty. —Except for a young blonde usherette who stood by the exit, off to my right. She stared at the floor. That painting by Hopper. Then she looked at me. I watched the movie. The music was loud. It was about an airplane. The point of no return. Something moved in the corner of my eye. The blonde came up the aisle and stopped beside me and said,

"May I sit down?"

"Sure," I said. I moved over a seat and she sat down.

She had a maroon uniform on. In the painting the girl has a maroon uniform on. So my blonde had a maroon uniform on. Her breath smelled like lipstick: strawberry. A young blonde. My breath smelled like popcorn.

"Um," I nodded. I put my arm around her and she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed.

"What will I do?" she asked.

I didn't know.

"Nobody comes to the movies," she said.

"Except us," I said, smiling. I felt her lips on my neck; her cheek moved. She was smiling.

"Except us," she said.

"Why don't you quit?" I asked.

She raised her head and looked at me. The movie house wasn't dark at all. From the light of the screen—the bright lights from the interior of the airplane and music—her face was pretty clear. She had an ordinary face that was pale and in good light her eyes would probably be soft blue and maybe a lot of the time she would be resigned to things in general. I never found out anything about her. The three days that followed saw us together but we didn't talk about our lives. We hardly talked about anything except what flavor of ice cream she wanted or me answering questions; like the time when we were swimming. It was the next afternoon at the pool in the next town. We hitchhiked over. My suitcase was on its way to New York but the travel bag was still in the locker at the bus station . . . we stood on the road in the hot afternoon and held out our thumbs. A pickup truck was the ride, all the way. We got off and walked through town to the pool and I rented suits for us and we went in. There were a lot of people there because it was a small pool. After swimming in between them a while we had

iced coffee at the refreshment pavilion. We sat in wicker chairs and held hands across a round topped table about the color and size of a candy life saver.

"Where are you from?" she asked. She was so still it seemed like the words came from somewhere else. On a hot day beside a swimming pool a thousand miles from New York it was a long question.

"New York," I said. It seemed very real to me but nothing about her changed.

"Let's go back in," she said.

"Jobs are hard to find . . ." she grinned.

"Then give it up," I said. "Look." I was from New York so I tried to talk that way. Instead I kissed her.

"Ok," she said. "Oh baby, I quit."

We cut out through the theatre exit and walked through town. I bought a half pint of cheap bourbon and we left town. We walked the highway until we got tired. At a turn we stepped over the crash rail and went down an embankment like Indians, into an orchard. By now it was dark and we were both having trouble walking. We sat under an apple tree and I lit a cigarette that lasted one drag. I undid my tie, she unbuttoned her maroon jacket. The orchard slanted off and the smell of green apples was as fresh and keen as the sound when you crack one in half: it lays open: two halves, one in each hand, dark teardrop seeds in the centers.

On a sunlit wall of a tractor factory I wrote I loved her and to the right of my message she wrote, with the same piece of slate, she loved me.

Wednesday night, after a day of walking around in fields and wading in creeks, we were exhausted. We rented a room in town. The next day we went swimming again, getting there in two rides via the route we took Monday. We lay on the duckboards, quietly, in the sun, not saying much. Or swimming much. That night the bus station was full of waiting people. I took out my travel bag and we sat on a bench and waited. Outside it was getting blue.

"Goodbye baby," she said.

The bus pulled in noisily and about 4 people got up and

began getting on. We were at the end of the line. When it came my turn I gave the driver my ticket and he tore the bottom part off. It wasn't as long as it had been but it still looked like those endless carnival ticket strips: every ride in the park. I had my travel bag in my hand. I didn't know what it was for or what to do with it. Where I was going or why. I put it on the bottom step and glanced at the driver. He got on the bus. I looked into her eyes, and we kissed each other goodbye. I got on the bus and went in back and sat near a window, slid it open. She stood below me, blonde and pale, looking up. Her light blue eyes were still and distant. The bus engine growled and barked. I shoved my arm out the window and she took my hand. We both said it but it wasn't out loud. I got my arm back in and the bus began to move out. She walked across the street with it and then began to run. GOODBYE BABY. The bus gathered speed and smoked out of town.

The last I saw of her she was standing on a corner in her maroon uniform. In the blue twilight of the Midwest. Goodbye, baby.

Fielding Dawson

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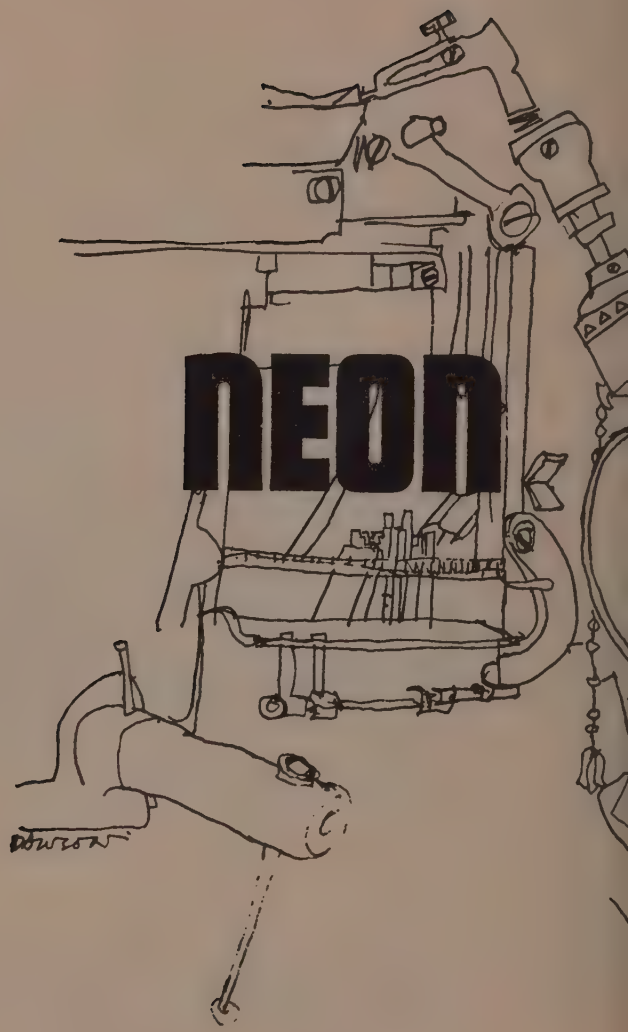
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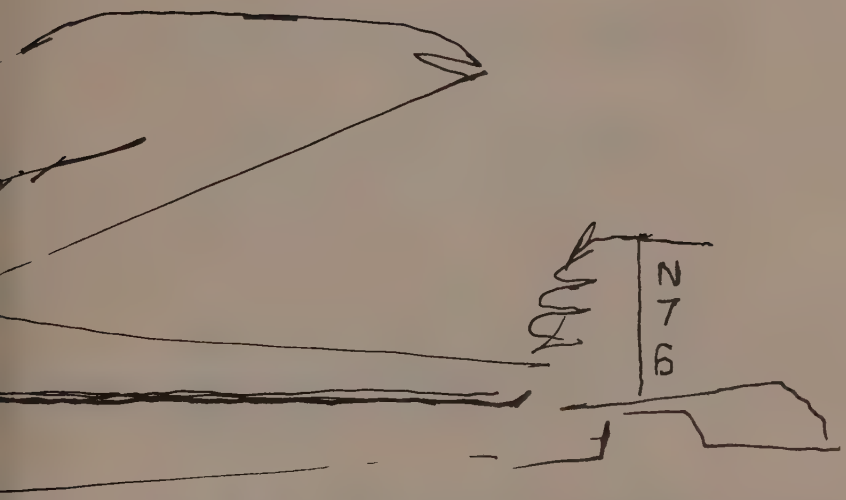

NEON OBIT

This Kind of Bird Flies Backward: Poems by Diane DiPrima. Printed by the Aardvark Press. Published by Totem Press.

I don't think it is like anything at all -- these days. In anything and almost everything remembered, somewhere there is a quality as if the air had been drawn. I mean she draws these fine green poems.

In WIND SAND AND STARS by Antoine de Saint Exupery (the twenty-five cent paperback I read), at the beginning of each chapter there are drawings to the point.

A kind of drawing that really nobody would learn; that no one could teach but, instead would be known, as in some book that maybe your father gave your mother; maybe some poems by Walter de La Mare. Or the frilled edge of the old Alfred Knopf books by A. E. Coppard.

The airplane flew over the Andes to land in parts of South America, flew across the Mediterranean to land in the large nations of North Africa; and above the beginning of each chapter big billowy clouds, the drawn ray lines of the sun; and way off by the highest tip of the tallest far flung cloud: the airplane and in it the author.

The 43 pages of Miss DiPrima's poetry read in that line: a drawn, airy line, resembling waves. On the page a red crayola bucket and on the horizon a ship: small and hopeful, steaming to far lands. A Dr. Doolittle in the heart right in her bright green eye.

It was late and windy. It was raining; cold clouds hung low over the field and a few friends, pilots and mechanics, waited near the hangar, listened for the sound of his engine -- watched for the glistening prop disc. The old bi-plane should come clattering in, pull around: stop short, cut engine. Then the author should climb out of the cockpit, walk towards them and take off his goggles. Except that was NIGHT FLIGHT and the plane, as he wrote, never came back. Now its author is dead.

FIELDING DAWSON

(for Nick Charles)

A man
will not die
because someone
wills it. (Flowers
in our sitting room, in green
& white vases. Pure green
fronds, holding the thin,
fluorescent light ferociously
against their stems.

"What is it
you were saying?"

"Oh,
that
the rain should stop
soon. & then I suppose
the sun will come out. There's brandy
in that cabinet
ontop of the bookcase
if you feel like waiting
here."

LEROI JONES

ONE OF THE LAST

For my Grandfather, killed in Island, Ky. - August, 1914

Approximately 300 years before, Johns ancestors felled trees and cleared land in eastern Virginia. From time to time, as settlements developed into villages and the villages continued to increase in size, they moved slowly west, clearing new lands, battling and trying to understand nature; proud, self-sustaining, and defiant, they always remained out of sight of the nearest house, planting and harvesting in the wood/s shadows.

In time, centuries, they settled a few miles west of Island, Ky. Although the town grew it never became too populated and no cabin was built within sight of their home so they stayed. Their land, reaching to the edge of the woods, was level and rich and just south and west of the woods the ground sloped to a wide stream, a stream that was gentle except in spring when it rushed with the water of melted snows.

John, as were his ancestors, was proud and lonely, still battling within him the strength and wonder that had sustained his family through the centuries before him, but now there was no new place for him to go, no new trees to fell, just a few stumps to be axed and hauled. And like the trees and stumps he was unable to give much of himself, except in work, to his youngest son in whom he saw himself. Yet with his son, though unable to say what he felt, he could make it felt...they could feel each other, feel the love and the strength.

Like John, his son was the last of 3 brothers, born when the others were already working on the farm, just learning to walk alone when their brothers were already in the fields or hunting in the woods. And, like John, he was the runt, being almost a foot shorter than the shortest brother. When teased by their brothers or the bigger kids in school they utilized the fierceness of their tempers to defend themselves. They would run at them, swinging, kicking, being held off by a long arm and laughed at, yet they never stopped attacking. Soon they used rocks and sticks, then heavier clubs; pride and temper suspending reason and making their bodies immune to pain. They continued swinging until curses and blood were drawn and they were left alone. Soon they were avoided and feared.

In time John learned to use guns, practicing when he could and always carrying a pistol in his belt. John used his pistol 8 times, but it hadnt been used, even for practice, since the turn of the century. And, when the years turned from 1800 to 1900, John turned further toward himself and his son.

There seemed to be an inevitability in Johns life, one that he intuitively felt and tried to understand. There were times, many times, when John vaguely allowed a wish to pass through his body, a wish that there might be something he could do to change this inevitability, but the wish seemed to mock him and he simply returned to work.

There were times when John would suddenly stop in the field and call his son and they would walk through the woods and he would show him how to trap, how to shoot and where to wait for squirrel and rabbit; and, many times, they would walk together to the slope that gentled into the stream, and fish, at times talking a little and, from time to time, some of the sadness would leave Johns body as they sat on the slope or lay on their backs, the trees over them and a coolness seeming to glide from the trees and the stream... but then they would stand and leave their small, calm green sloping world and the sadness would once again become alive.

At times too they would go into the village together, John riding a large mare, his son alongside on a mule. On some of their trips the mule would stop from time to time to nibble on the roadside grass and Johns face would relax as he watched his son kicking the mule, yelling in his ear and punching him on the head screaming at him to move; then John would reach over and grab the reins, wrap them around his hand a few times and kick his horse -- his son still yelling, kicking and punching -- until the mule finally decided he had had enough grass.

The last time John rode into the village the sun was hot, the sky clear and the road still damp from a recent rain. His son was 12 now and had learned to just sit on the mule as he nibbled, sometimes whispering in his ear, looking at his father and smiling as the mule nosed his way through the tall weeds to the short juicy grass. They were riding toward the store when a man stepped from the porch of the store and stood in the middle of the street. John stopped the mare and put his hand out to stop his son. John sat on the horse and looked at the man for a moment almost saying, Harold, its a long time past and never meant anything anyway, but the words never completely formed in his mind. The man just stared. No thoughts waved through Johns mind, there was nothing to think about. Nothing else to be done. He slowly dismounted, looking at the man still standing in the same spot in the street, and told his son to take his horse to the rail and stay out of the way. He started walking slowly down the street, then stopped. His son watched. An arm moved, then another. Shots were heard. John fell. The man looked, then turned and walked away. The boy ran a few feet, stopped, then slowly walked to his fathers body. He stared at his fathers torn shirt and chest.

A few men came from the store porch and stood behind the boy, looking; another brought over the mare and mule. They tied Johns body on the mare and put the reins in the boys hand. The boy kicked the mule and started home.

HUBERT SELBY, JR.

JOSHUA SLOCUM

I
a bill of lading

the Slocombs of Bay of Fundy, N. S. (Tories exiled after the revolt) hard clay farm failed/9 years before the mast, command at 26, a sailing vessel (1809 steam already encroaching) married, 7 children born at sea (3 died), she died 34/Slocum 40, 'got crazy', grounded/tramp off S.A. 4 years, lost ship (uninsured) built 35' canoe, sailed back to U.S./interminable lawsuits, killed 2 men in mutiny & lost 2 of 8 commands, at 44 an unemployable sailing-master/bought farm, named it Fag End, installed land-wife & left/a joke, a friend gave him 100 year old oysterman, 9 tons, propped in an inland field, The Spray/made her new of green wood & the urge, sail her alone/took 3 years, circumnavigate the earth, 24 april 1895-27 june 1898/wrote book & lectured, 11 years waiting & coastal trips till at 65, "encountered a severe gale & has never been heard from since."

II
a chart

the man, the old man
he is dead
it lies deep
the haunted head

but having done first
the hallucinated old master
feverish saw
the pilot of the Pinta

the man
first to sail alone around the world
an old wild-man
of the rueful countenance.

TONY WEINBERGER

THE DESPERADO
For an ancestor

to face a split
and wonder
which side the bread
is buttered on
to reach easily
and spew forth from
the hip
to be chased
and elude
drawing on old cunning
and new space
to make a get/a-
way
the wop in you
not quite dead

JOE EARLY

THE TOTEM
For the American troops killed in Korea

They move beneath it
forward and backward
and they die for it,
often in smoke and sunshine.

Others tear their
guts out or their brains
on rocks and tin cans
in the swimming hole.

Whichever way it faces
or they face it, it has
its special misery, and it
costs plenty.

No help for it, though
each man knows
his lack: ask George Pickett, ask
Beau Jack.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

ROMANCE IS A EULOGY FOR THE DEAD PAST

seven, eight days in the
lybian desert, a canteen
capful of water a day

of course there are limits.

and wiley post flew out of
our childhood without end,
there wasn/t anything his
plane couldn/t do, ever.

but it didn/t bring him back,
once, and a lot of good men
besides have gone down, i
know that.

and that kids
don/t look up any more when
a plane flies over, why
should they?

it sticks in my head the
two seaplanes skimming the

hudson, doing tricks, over
the midget motorboat races,
1936 maybe -- and they were
crazy bastards too, running
the hudson in a boat smaller
than a bathtub, the midgets.
man, i could wish someone
had a hypodermic would put
that shit back in our blood

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

abt the dead he sd
he was going to write an obit
about those americans, dead,
who had shaped the world, he sd,
with a more than heavy hand

now she sd, looking up
at the bomb like it was a bird
got between her
and the sun

I don't know
what she sd about Grant
Phil Whalen
insisted
San Francisco
1957
that everything I ever sd
she sd But abt Grant

I sd Butcher I read
Kenneth Williams
on Grant I feel Grant
more days in more
of those fall-ins
where the glue, it feels,
of the creation is all
that holds anything
back?

The next turn of the wheel,
what do you think
about the next turn
of the wheel?

CHARLES OLSON

ODE TO JACKSON POLLOCK

...
without form, & void;
& darkness was upon the face of the deep.

...
Let there be a firmanent in the midst
of the waters, & let it
divide the waters from
the waters

...
& divided the waters which were
under the firmament from the waters
which were above the firmament:

...
the earth bring forth grass, the herb
yielding seed & the fruit tree yielding
fruit--

THE WATERS BRING FORTH ABUNDANTLY
THE MOVING CREATURE THAT HATH LIFE

& fowl that may fly above the earth
in the open firmament of heaven

RON LOEWINSOHN

THE CONFESSION

i/m hardly ever metaphysical
too aries to be zen

always know what time it is
no thing ever done.

death/s never expected
even expected

critical.

silver ceases to be value
i/m ashamed.

pardon me friend
for all of us.

MAX FINSTEIN

NEON OBIT is published by NEON, a magazine which ends regular publication with #5. Small selective books such as this, however, will continue to be published as often as possible. The Editor is Gilbert Sorrentino, 4812 Foster Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. The cover for this NEON OBIT is by Fielding Dawson, who says of it: "that's an old Curtiss Robin. Wrong way Corrigan flew a larger model of the same plane; they were later driven out of existence by the depression, used now for crop dusting. I was in one once. It was dismantled in a hangar, only the fuselage and drooping spider webs, dusty cockpit & big lovely wings. I got in and I'm telling you."

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